with ten times as much money in them, for the plĕasure of finding you resist the temptation! Come here, my boy, and leave ŏff crying. I found the letter, and carried it myself to the depot in time for the cars; I can forgive your folly, since it has not ended in wickedness: but remember one thing; I shall not forgive you, if, henceforward, you associate with this unprincipled boy. (*To Thomas.*) Begone, sir! I am glad to see shame on your face. Had my boy taken your advice, he, too, would have been at this moment a detected, conscience-smitten, despised liar; but he is holding up his head, and his heart is light in his bosom. You are the vĕry boy, Thomas, whom I was requested to take into my employment; but I will have nothing to do with you. Never come near my son again. GOODRICH.

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51. The Wind in a Frolic.

1. THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion[1] in every place!"

2. So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking,[2] with merciless squalls,
Old women's bŏnnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier[3] shout,
As the apples and ŏranges tumbled about;
And the urchins,[4] that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran ŏff each with a prize.

3. Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, mātronly[5] cows,

[1] Com mō' tion, a disturbance. — [2] Whĭsk' ing, taking off quickly. — [3] Lŭst' i er, stronger. — [4] Ur' chins, mischievous boys. — [5] Mā' tron ly, elderly; like a mother.

And tŏssed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.

4. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,[1]
Or the traveler-grave on the king's highway.

5. It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.

6. Through the fŏrest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy[2] old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

7. Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing[3] of ladders, and lŏgs laying on,
Where the thatch[4] from the roof threatened soon to be gŏne.

8. But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted[5] and struggled in vain,
For it tŏssed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

[1] Sprāy, a small branch. — [2] Stur dy (stĕr' dy), strong. — [3] Rēar' ing, raising. — [4] Thătch, covering of straw, turf, leaves, &c. — [5] Pănt' ed, breathed quickly.

52. Anecdote of Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK the Great, king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his page was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa.

2. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching Gŏd to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned sŏftly to his room, took a purse of dŭcats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.

4. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment,[1] happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the purse. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

5. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "what ails you?" "Ah, sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "Gŏd ŏften sends us good in our sleep. Give the money to your mother; salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of *her* and *you*."

7. This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents.

8. And, if the children of such parents will follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may

[1] Em bâr' rass ment, trouble in mind.

not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed[1] by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that Gŏd who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

53. Bees.

WHEN bees enter a new hive, it is said that they divide themselves into four companies; one of which goes out to the fields in search of materials, another employs itself in laying the bottom and walls of the cells; a third, in making the inside smooth from the corners; and the fourth, in bringing food for the rest.

2. But they are not always doing the same thing. They ŏften exchange their tasks; those that have been in the fields, coming into work, and those that have been confined to the hive, taking their flight.

3. They have a language, or signs, by which they understănd each other. When one that is hungry meets a loaded bee, they both stop, and the one that has honey bends down its trunk and lets the contents fall into the mouth of the other.

4. Their diligence and labor are so great, that in one day's time they are able to make cells in sufficient number to contain three thousand bees.

5. Some of the bees are busy, all the time, in stopping the holes and openings; for it is necessary that they should be warm.

6. Their cells they strengthen all round, by bands, or strings of wax; and when this is done they go over them all again, with their teeth, and pare away all that is unnecessary, and shape round the partitions, taking away all the chips, or fragments of wax, and carrying them out of the hive. They are very neat, and keep their house perfectly clean.

[1] Rĕc' om pensed, rewarded.

54. The Bird and the Fountain.

1. THERE was once a little fountain
That flowed away unseen,
In the bosom of a mountain,
Where man had never been;
Yet on it wandered brightly,
With a pretty bubbling sound,
Whilst its waters sprinkled lightly
The plants that grew around.

2. But one evening, at the "gloaming,"[1]
A swallow, pert and vain,
From far distant countries roaming,
Came soaring o'er the plain;
And, staying by the mountain,
To rest his weary wing,
To that pretty little fountain
He thus began to sing:

3. "Poor humble thing, and lowly,
Confined to one lone spot,
Condemn'd to suffer slowly
Thy solitary[2] lot!
Oh! had you seen the bowers
O'er which I've lately flown,
How poor you'd think the flowers
That blossom here alone!

4. "For there, mid scenes of splendor,[3]
A fountain's life should run,
And all its sweetness render
Beneath an Eastern sun;
There should your cooling waters,
In fragrance and perfume,[4]
Descend to bless the daughters
Of Oriental[5] bloom."

[1] Glŏam' ing, twilight. — [2] Sŏl' i ta ry, lonely. — [3] Splĕn' dor, great brightness. — [4] Per fūme', sweetness of smell. — [5] O ri ĕnt' al, Eastern.

5. The little fountain listen'd,
And, for a moment's space,
Perhaps less brightly glisten'd[1]
In her lonely hiding-place:
Perchance the swallow's mĕasure[2]
A passing shadow threw
On every simple plĕasure
Her humble spirit knew.

6. And soon that pretty fountain,
Once happy and content,
Perchance had scorned the mountain
Where all her life was spent,
Had not a thirsty flower
Just caught her sparkling eye,
Who, but for her sweet shower,
Must pine away and die.

7. Oh, then she said, "Pert[3] stranger,
I do not envy thee,
Though o'er those scenes a ranger,[4]
Which I may never see;
Since in my quiet flowing
I've joys to thee unknown,
The bliss[5] of bliss bestowing,—
The sweetest ever known!"

8. She said; and sŏft reclining
Within her crystal[6] bed,
She kissed that flow'ret pining[7],
And raised its drooping head.
The swallow and his story
Were soon forgotten quite,
For *his* was fading glory,
And *hers* enduring light! Charlotte Young.

[1] Glis tened (glĭs' snd), shone; sparkled. — [2] Meas ure (mĕz' ur), song. — [3] Pĕrt, saucy; impudent. — [4] Rāng' er, one who goes about. — [5] Bliss, the greatest happiness. — [6] Crys' tal, pure; bright, like glass. — [7] Pin' ing, sorrowing; wasting away.

55. The Good Samaritan.—A Parable.[1]

A CERTAIN lawyer said unto Jesus, Who is my neighbor?

2. And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.

3. And they stripped him of his raiment,[2] and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

4. And, by chance, a certain priest came down that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

5. And also a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

6. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion[3] on him,

7. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

8. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out twopence, and gave them to the host,[4] and said unto him, Take care of him;

9. And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

10. Which, now, of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

11. And he said, He that showed mercy on him.

12. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.

Bible.

[1] Păr′a ble, a story, or fable, intended to instruct.—[2] Rā′ment, clothes.—[3] Com pās′sion, pity.—[4] Hŏst, the keeper of the house.

56. The Two Schoolmates.

IN a pleasant village on the east bank of the Hudson, on a sunny, sandy spot, stood the old yĕllōw schoolhouse. Among the many laughing children that played around it thirty-five years ago, were two boys, Frank and Edward.

2. They were nearly of the same age; they sat on the same seat, studied the same lessons, and read from the same book. Their fathers were both rich, were vĕry fond of their sons, and hoped they would grow up wise and good men.

3. Edward could learn vĕry easily. If he only read over his lesson once or twice, he could recite it well; so that he had a great deal of time to play, even in school-hours.

4. With Frank it was quite otherwise. Every thing he learned was by hard study. While the other boys were playing and shouting at recess, he was at his books.

5. When strangers visited the school, they would say: "What a bright boy Edward is! How well he knows his lesson! What a fine man he will be!" But no such compliment[1] was ever heard for poor Frank.

6. The boys grew to be young men, and their fathers sent them to college. Here it was just the same. Edward did not study much, yĕt he generally recited well; Frank was never idle, and yĕt he was ŏften called dull.

7. Time passed on. The young men left college and commenced business. Then their friends found they had been mistaken. Edward had formed bad habits; he had grown idle and careless, and too fond of plĕasure.

8. With these faults no man can succeed[2] in business, and thus he sadly disappointed all the fond hopes of his friends. Frank, on the other hand, was patient and industrious. "Try, try again," had always been his motto, and Gŏd blessed his efforts.

9. He is now an eminent[3] physician in one of our largest cities; while his early playmate, the bright, but idle Edward, is a disgrace to his family—a worthless drunkard.

Am. Messenger.

[1] Cŏm′pli ment, words of praise said merely to please.—[2] Suc cēed′, prosper.—[3] Em′i nent, above others; much esteemed.

57. Delay.

1. TO-MORROW, mŏrrōw, not to-day!
'Tis thus the idle ever say.
To-mŏrrōw I will strive anew,
To-mŏrrōw I will seek instruction,
To-mŏrrōw I will shun seduction,[1]
To-mŏrrōw this and that will do.

2. And wherefore not to-day? to-mŏrrōw
For thee will also be too nărrōw;
To every day its task allot![2]
Whate'er is done, is done forever,
Thus much I know; but whatsoever
May hap to-mŏrrōw know I not.

3. On! on! or thou wilt be retreating;
For all our moments, quickly fleeting,
Advance, nor backward more incline.
What we possess alone is ours,
The use we make of present hours;
For can I call the future mine?

4. And every day, thus vainly fleeing,
Is in the volume of my being
A page unwritten, blank and void.
Men write on its unsullied[3] pages
Deeds to be read by coming ages!
Be every day alike employed!

From the German of Weisse.

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58. Glaciers.

A GLACIER[4] is a river of ice—really and truly a river of ice—sometimes two or three miles wide, and fifteen or twenty miles lŏng, with many branches coming

[1] Se dūc' tion, act of leading away from duty.—[2] Al lŏt', give or appoint.—[3] Un sūl' lied, pure; without spot or stain.—[4] Glā' ci er.

into it. Its bed is a steep valley, commencing far up among the mountains in a region of everlasting ice and snow, and ending in some warm and pleasant valley far below, where the warm sun beats upon the terminus[1] of it, and melts the ice away as fast as it comes down.

2. It flows vĕry slowly, and not usually more than an inch in an hour. The warm summer sun beams upon the upper surface of it, melting it slowly away, and forming vast fissures[2] and clefts[3] in it, down which you can look to the bottom, if you only have courage to go near enough to the slippery edge.

3. If you do not dare to do this, you can gĕt a large stone and throw into it; and then, if you stand still and listen, you hear it thumping and thundering against the sides of the crevasse[4] until it gĕts too deep to be any lŏnger heard. You can not hear it strike the bottom; for it is sometimes seven or eight hundred feet through the thickness of the glacier to the ground below.

4. The surface of the glacier above is not smooth and glassy like the ice of a freshly frozen river or pond; but is white like a field of snow. This appearance is produced in part by the snow which falls upon the glacier, and in part by the melting of the surface of the ice by the sun. From this latter cause, too, the surface of the glacier is covered, in a summer's day, with streams of water, which flow, like little brooks, in lŏng and winding channels, which they themselves have worn, until at length they reach some fissure, or crevasse, into which they fall and disappear.

5. The waters of these brooks—many thousands in all—form a large stream, which flows alŏng on the surface of the ground under the glacier, and comes out at last in a wild, and roaring, and turbid[5] tŏrrent, from an immense archway in the ice at the lower end, where the

[1] Tẽr' mi nus, the end, or boundary.—[2] Fis sures (fish' yers), cracks or openings.—[3] Clẽfts, open spaces made by splitting.—[4] Cre vàsse', a deep and wide crack.—[5] Tur bid (tẽr' bid), thick; muddy; not clear.

glacier terminates among the green fields and blooming flowers of the lower valley.

6. The glaciers are formed from the avalanches[1] which fall into the upper valleys, in cases where the valleys are so deep and nărrōw, and so secluded[2] from the sun, that the snows which slide into them can not melt. In such case, the immense accumulations[3] which găther there harden and solidify,[4] and become ice; and, what is very astonishing, the whōle mass, solid as it is, moves slowly onward down the valley, following all the turns and indentations[5] of its bed, until finally it comes down into the warm regions of the lower valleys, where the end of it is melted away by the sun as fast as the mass behind crowds it forward.

7. It is certainly vĕry astonishing that a substance so solid as ice can flow in this way, alŏng a rocky and tortuous[6] bed, as if it were semi-fluid;[7] and it was a lŏng time before men would believe that such a thing could be possible. It was, however, at length proved beyŏnd all question that this motion exists; and the rate of it in different glaciers, at different periods of the day, or of the year, has been accurately measured.

8. If you go to the end of the glacier, where it comes out into the lower valley, and look up to the icy cliffs[8] which form the termination of it, and watch there for a few minutes, you soon see masses of ice breaking ŏff from the brink, and falling down with a thundering sound to the rocks below. This is because the ice at the extremity is all the time pressed forward by the mass behind it; and, as it comes to the brink, it breaks over and falls down.

9. On each side of the glacier, quite near the shore,

[1] Avalanches (av a lånsh' ez), vast slips of snow and ice.—[2] Se clůd'ed, shut out from other things.—[3] Ac cu mu lā' tions, heaps.—[4] So lĭd' i fy, to become hard, or solid.—[5] In den tā' tions, deep places or recesses in a thing, as if made by teeth.—[6] Tort' u ous, twisted.—[7] Sĕm' i-flů id, half fluid.—[8] Cliffs, steep banks.

there is usually found a ridge of rocks and stones, extending up and down the glacier for the whōle length of it, as if an immense wall, formed of blocks of granite, of prodigious magnitude, had been built by giants to fence the glacier in, and had afterwards been shaken down by an earthquake, so as to leave only a confused and shapeless ridge of rocks and stones.

10. These lŏng lines of wall-like ruins may be traced alŏng the borders of the glacier as far as the eye can reach. They lie just on the edge of the ice, and follow all the bends and sinuosities[1] of the shore. It is a mystery how they are formed. All that is known, or rather all that can be here explained, is, that they are composed of the rocks which cleave ŏff from the sides of the precipices[2] and mountains that border the glacier, and that, when they have fallen down, the gradual movement of the ice draws them out into the lŏng, ridge-like lines in which they now appear.

11. Some of these moraines are of colossal[3] magnitude, being in several places a hundred feet broad and fifty or sixty feet high; and, as you can not gĕt upon the glacier without crossing them, they are ŏften greatly in the traveler's way. In fact, they sometimes form a barrier which is all but impassable. JACOB ABBOTT.

59. THE TWO MEN AND THEIR BARLEY.

A NUMBER of years ago, two neighbors, in a newly settled part of the country, were traveling togĕther, each with a load of barley to carry to the malt-house. At that place the barley was to be inspected, and, if found good, to be ground into malt for the making of beer.

[1] Sin u ŏs' i ties, recesses caused by the bendings of the shore.—[2] Prĕc' i pic es, very steep descents.—[3] Co lŏs' sal, very large. Colossus was a statue of Apollo, so large that it is said ships might sail between its legs.

2. For a considerable distance these travelers found their ride more pleasant than they had expected. They conversed, in a social manner, on different subjects, as the various streams, cleared farms, and cottages they passed; and among other things, related the various opinions they had heard concerning the malt-house to which they were going.

3. As they advanced, doubts began to arise in their minds respecting the course they should take; for the country was hilly, and different paths were seen, which appeared to lead in the same general direction. The travelers had examined the geography and maps; but nēither of them had ever passed that way before.

4. After the best information they could gĕt, they came, at last, to a fork in the roads, where they found themselves unable to agree. One said the right hand, and the other said the left was the proper course; and finally, each took his own way, in the firm belief that his neighbor was wrŏng.

5. As it happened, both men arrived at the malt-house nearly at the same time. Their meeting was very unexpected to both; and they still wished to know which of the two ways was best; but, on inquiry, they found that, though there were different roads, and it was of some consequence for travelers to make a wise choice, yet the main question at that place was, not which one of a dozen ways they come, but whether their barley was good.

6. We may learn from this story, that if people agree, in the main points, they should not get angry and abuse each other, as they sometimes do, because they can not think alike in trifling things; or that if two persons, both meaning to do right, should differ in opinion respecting very important affairs, it would be proper for each to enjoy his own way of thinking, and not quarrel about it.

W. S. Cardell.

60. "Look not upon the Wine."

1. LOOK not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for plĕasure when she fills
Her tempting bēaker[1] up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell[2] of madness lurks below.

2. They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish[3] blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

3. Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubblĕ at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

4. Then dash the brimming[4] cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and woe
Are in those rosy depths below.

Willis.

61. The Foster-Child.

A POOR woman entered the parlor of a lady for whom she had sometimes worked. She led by the hand a little boy, poorly clad, and of a sad countenance.

[1] Bēak'er, a cup.—[2] Spĕll, a charm consisting of words of hidden power; something which works mysteriously.—[3] Slŭg'gish, slow; lazy; indolent.—[4] Brim'ming, filled to overflowing.

To the questions addressed to her, she mournfully replied:

2. "He is my child. His father has been dead since he was a baby. Six months since, I married again. He seems not to be welcome to his new father. It grows worse and worse. Sometimes he goes hungry, and sometimes he is badly beaten."

3. Then weeping, she added, "I can not deny that my husband, now and then, drinks too much. Then it is bad for us both, but worst of all for the poor boy. When I go out to work, I can not leave him at home, for fear he might be killed while I am gŏne. The people who hire me, do not like to have me bring a child with me.

4. "Oh dear madam, will you not let him live with you? Take him, I pray, and do what you will with him, for our misery is great. I feel that I can not live lŏng, and my only fear of death is, that I must leave him alone to suffer. Oh, lady! lady! you, whose two sweet children are in the grave, have pity on us."

5. And as the boy looked timidly up, there was a large, round tear in each blue eye, like a dew-drop upon a vĭolet. The heart of the bereaved[1] one yearned[2] over him; and she bădе the poor mother bring him again tomŏrrōw. That night, she consulted her husband, and he said, "Do as thou wilt in this matter, for the Lord is with thee."

6. The next morning the sad pair presented themselves. The lady took the child by the hand, and said, "I will be a mother to him. So help me, Gŏd." The poor woman fell on her knees, and praised the Lord, saying, that now she was ready to die in peace.

7. The boy was overjoyed to find that a bath, and a suit of neat clothes, and a comfortable meal awaited him. Still more oppressed[3] was he with wonder, when

[1] Be rĕaved', one from whom a loved object has been taken.—[2] Yĕarned, to be distressed.—[3] Op prĕssed', overwhelmed; bowed down.

the gentleman came home, and he was told he might call him father. He bowed himself low, as he uttered the word, and turning to his kind benefactress, whispered: "He will not beat me, when he gets back tonight, will he?"

8. When he was led, at retiring, to a little chămber, and a nicer bed than, perhaps, he had ever before seen, he kneeled beside it, as his poor mother had taught him, and murmured, "What shall I say? Oh, what shall I say? My old prayers won't do." So filled was he with amazement and gratitude, that his few words were in sobs: "Oh, good Lord! good Lord! Take care of poor mother, and don't ever let me go back any more."

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62. The Foster-Child—concluded.

HIS zeal to serve and please those who so nobly sheltered him, knew no bounds. "What shall I do for you, my lady—mother, I mean? Please let me do something."

2. His earnest application[1] in learning to read, and committing[2] verses and hymns, created some anxiety, lest his health should suffer. His judicious fŏstermother[3] devised[4] modes of exercise and light labor for him, and wished to allure[5] him to athletic[6] plays; but he never seemed so happy as when near her side.

3. He was fond of repeating to himself, after he had retired, passages from the Bible, which he committed to memory. It would seem that he dwelt most upon those which seemed to have reference to his own past or present condition. He was heard many times to say in his solitary apartment, with tender intonations,[7] "*I was brought low, and He helped me.*"

[1] Ap pli cā' tion, industry; applying one's self to work.—[2] Com mĭt'ting, learning.—[3] Fŏs' ter-moth' er, one in the place of a mother.—[4] Devised', made; found out; planned.—[5] Al lūre', entice; draw; attract.—[6] Ath lĕt' ic, strong; laborious.—[7] In to nā' tions, sounds of the voice.

4. The excellent pair, who extended to him their kind protection, felt for the amiable child a true parental regard. Gŏd's blessing seemed to descend into their hearts, and comfort them for the children they had lŏst, with a quiet joy in the one they had found. Yet they could not repress their anxiety at the increasing indications[1] of his failing health.

5. Whether it was the result of a naturally feeble constitution, or of the hardships he had endured from an intemperate man's tyranny,[2] the physicians were not agreed. His poor mother had died a few months after his adoption. It was God's will that in less than a year he should follow her. Every care that skill and affection could devise, was lavished[3] on the orphan, but in vain.

6. When so weak, as to be unable to walk, he steadfastly regarded the bed on which he was laid, and said, "Is this my death-bed? *my death-bed?*" He seemed to have imbibed[4] the impression that it would differ in aspect[5] from other places of repose, having heard it spoken of with solemnity. Having scanned[6] it with attention, he laid down his head, repeating:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.

7. To his kind fŏster-mŏther, as she watched over him, he said, once at midnight, "I shall go to your boy and girl. Will they be angry with me, because I lived in their house, and used some of their playthings? Will they kiss me, and hold out their hand to me, as you do?"

8. The work of death was lingering, and severe; but he was patient and lamb-like. He seemed to have no

[1] In di cā' tion, mark; something which points out.—[2] Tyr an ny (tĭr' an ne), cruel government.—[3] Lăv' ished, expended or given very freely—[4] Im bibed', drunk in; swallowed; taken.—[5] As'pect, appearance.—[6] Scănned, examined.

will of his own. All that troubled him was, to see the grief of his par'ents.

9. "Oh, sir, my good father—dear mother, don't cry, don't cry. It is all light overhead. The Saviour will save me." And so, the gentle orphan,[1] whose short life had comprised so much of sŏrrōw and of joy, went home, to the Father of his spirit.

10. Tenderly loved, and truly mourned was he by those who had nobly rescued him from penury[2] and injustice; and in his brief course of budding loveliness and fervent gratitude, they found full payment for their liberality. But a rapturous[3] plaudit awaits them hereafter, from lips divine: "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

63. SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods; there entereth no annoy;[4]
All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves, and the earth is full of joy.
I can not tell you half the sights of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine, and many a shady tree.

2. There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,[5] the honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the pink sabbatia, and the scarlet columbine;
There grows the purple vīŏlet in some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the little Mayflower, and the wood forgĕt-me-not.

3. And many a mĕrry bird is there, unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker, and the golden-crested wren.
Come down, and ye shall see them all, the timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness, it is not to be told.

[1] Or' phan, one deprived of father and mother.—[2] Pnĕ' u ry, want; poverty.—[3] Răp' tur ous, joyous.—[4] An noy', trouble.—[5] Glădes, open places in a forest where the trees have been cut away.

4. I've seen the freakish[1] squirrels[2] drop down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old,—great joy it was to me!
And far within that summer wood, among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling[3] brook, the brightest e'er was seen.

5. There come the little gentle birds, without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge, and freely drink their fill;
And dash about, and splash about,—the mĕrry little things,—
And look askance[4] with bright black eyes, and flirt their dripping wings.

6. The nodding plants, they bowed their heads, as if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things, "'Tis mĕrry living here!"
Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy! I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight all round us, if we would!

HOWITT.

[1] Frēak'ish, playful; changing their play often.—[2] Squirrel (skwĕr'rel).—[3] Gurgling (gĕr'gling), running with a purling or murmuring noise.—[4] A skānce', aside; sideways.

64. AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER has come. The fierce heat of summer is gŏne. Men are at work in the fields cutting down the yellow grain, and binding it up into sheaves. The fields of corn stand in thick ranks, heavy with ears; and as their tăssels and broad leaves rattle in the wind, they seem to whisper of plenty.

2. The boughs of the orchard hang low with the red and golden fruit. Laughing boys are picking up the purple plums and the red-cheeked peaches that have fallen in the high grass. Large, rich melons are on the garden vines, and sweet grapes hang in clusters by the wall.

3. The larks with their black and yellow breasts stand watching you on the close-mown meadow. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that lŏng ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and the sŏft-eyed pigeons are with them to claim their share. The lazy blackbirds follow the cows and pick up crickets and other insects that they start up with their large hoofs.

4. The leaves fade. The ash-trees grow crimson in color. The twigs of the birch turn yellow, and the leaves of the chestnut are brown. The maple in the valley has lŏst its bright-green, and its leaves are of the hue of gold.

5. At noon, the air is still mild, and sŏft. You see blue smoke ŏff by the distant wood and hills. The brook is almost dry. The water runs over the pebbles with a sŏft, low murmur. The golden-rod is on the hill, the aster by the brook, and the sunflower in the garden.

6. The twitter of the birds is still heard. The sheep blēat upon the brown hill-side, and the sŏft tinkle of their bell floats upon the air. The mĕrry whistle of the plow-boy comes up from the field, and the cow lōws in the distant pasture.